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A Union Service in Memory of

William McKinley,

Twenty-Fifth President of the United States,

Born, January 29, 1843;
Died, September 14, 1901;

HELD IN THE

Moravian Church, Nazareth, Pa.,

Thursday, September 19, 1901.

Prelude by the Trombone Choir.

Anthem:

Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow."—*Barnby.*

THE CHOIR:—Lord, have mercy upon us.
THE PEOPLE:—*Christ, have mercy upon us.*
Lord have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

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Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory, the forever and ever: Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as Thy children in Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Who came forth from Thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on Him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us lost and undone human creatures from all sin and from death, with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be His own, and in His kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end:

Amen.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.

O Lord, what wait we for? our hope is in Thee.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.

He relieveth the fatherless and widow.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulation.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed be His glorious name forever.

THE CHOIR:—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to Holy Ghost;

THE PEOPLE:—*As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.*

Reading of the President's and the Governor's Proclamation.

The Scripture Lessons:

Psalm 84; I Cor. 15 : 19–28.

The Rev. A. E. Erdman,

(of the Lutheran Church.)

ADDRESS:

"Our Sorrowing Nation."

The Rev. George F. Bahnson,

(of the Moravian Church.)

Choir.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

ADDRESS:

"The President's Parting Words."

The Rev. S. J. Blum, D. D.,

(Principal of Nazareth Hall.)

"Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son,
So in His name I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;
Thy help in agony I seek;
Oh, take the cup of woe away.

If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
My wishes I resign;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine, not mine.

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ADDRESS:

"William McKinley."

The Rev. C. A. Haehnle,

(of the Moravian Church.)

PRAYER.

The Rev. W. H. Wotring,

(of the Reformed Church.)

Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven!
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Benediction.